A Solemne

PASSION OF THE SOVLES LOVE.

BY

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LONDON,
Printed by *George Purſlowe.*
1622.

A Solemne PASSION of the SOVLES Loue.

AWake, my Soule, out of the ſleepe of ſinne,
And ſhake off ſlouth the ſubiect of thy ſhame,
Search out the way how beſt thou mayſt beginne
To holy worke thine humble will to frame:
Then proue not wearie of a little paine,
When fleſhes griefe will breed the Spirits gaine.

Confeſſe thy ſelfe vnworthy of the ſence,
To learne the leaſt of the ſupernall Will,
Beſeech the heauens in ſtrength of their defence,
To ſaue and keepe thee from infernall ill:
Then fall to worke, that all the world may ſee
The ioyfull loue betwixt thy God and thee.

Tell of his goodneſſe how he did create thee,
And in his iuſtice how he doth correct thee,
And in his loue, how he will neuer hate thee,
And that his mercy neuer will reiect thee:
And how he helpt thee, when the world diſtreſt thee,
And with his graces how he ſweetly bleſt thee.

Say,

Say, I was ſicke, and he did ſend me health,
I was in priſon, and he did ſet me free:
And I was poore, and he did ſend me wealth,
And I was blind, and he did make me ſee:
I was perplext, and he did heale my paine,
And being dead, he gaue me life againe.

When I was lame, he did my limmes reſtore,
When I was deafe, he made me heare his voyce,
When I was wounded, he did heale my ſore,
When I was ſad, he made my ſoule reioyce:
When I had ſinn'd, he would not yet forſake me,
When I was loſt, he did to mercy take me.

To ſay yet more, what he hath done for me,
I needs muſt ſay, his goodneſſe hath no end,
Who, when on earth he ſaw no friend to me,
Did make me feele I had a heauenly friend:
A heauenly friend, whoſe helpe doth faile me neuer,
But is my comfort, and my King for euer.

This is my Lord, my life, and all my loue,
My liuing Loue, and louing life indeed,
This is the bleſſing of my beſt behoue,
The ſacred fruit whereon I ſweetly feed:
This is the ioy that makes my heart to ſing
Honour and glory to my heauenly King.

A ſolemne Paſſion *of the* Soules *Loue.*

Oh King, more glorious then the World can know thee!
From whom the day, euen from on high doth ſpring,
Where glorious workes vnto the World do ſhew thee,
Of glorious loue the euerlaſting King:
The King of life, in whom the Soule doth proue
The higheſt glory of the heauenly Loue.

By whoſe high hands were all things made at firſt:
By whoſe deepe Wiſedome they are gouernd ſtill,
By whom alone are bleſſed or accurſt,
That loue his Word, or diſobay his Will:
By whoſe ſweet breath they liue that doe attend him,
And by whoſe wrath they die that do offend him.

For who can bide the furie of his yre?
Or halfe conceiue the comfort of his loue?
Who plagues his foes with an infernall fire,
And plants his ſeruants in the heauens aboue:
Who ſhakes the heau'ns, and makes the mountains bow,
If he but once begin to knit his brow.

And where he loues, what will he leaue to doe,
To make the Soule acquainted with his kindneſſe?
And with what ioy will he the Spirit woo,
To ſhun the woes that grow of worldly blindneſſe?
What paine, or griefe, or death did he refuſe,
To ſaue their liues that he did ſweetly chuſe?

Now

Now for the greatneſſe of his glorious power:
He is Almighty, and all glory his,
He made the yeere, the month, day, night and hower,
The Heau'ns, Earth, Sea, and what in them there is;
In him alone doth all their being ſtand,
And liue and die in his Almighty hand.

He ſpake the Word, and by his Word they were,
And all was good his ſecret Wiſedome did,
His Will did worke his fauour without feare,
And not a thought is from his Knowledge hid:
He knowes the hearts, and ſearcheth through the reines,
And ſees the rootes euen of the ſmalleſt veines.

He deckt the Skie with Sunne, and Moone, and Starres,
And made the Seas to flow vpon the Sand,
Vpon whoſe ſhore his hand did ſet the barres,
They ſhall not paſſe to ouerflow the Land.
Amid the ayre he hath diſperſt the Clouds,
And onely Man within his Mercy ſhrouds.

Within the Depth the Fiſh their holes do keepe,
And in the Rockes the Conny makes his houſe,
Into the Earth the crawling Wormes do creepe,
And hollow Rockes are harbour for the Mouſe:
The Lyon keepes his den, the Bird his neſt,
And Man alone doth but in mercy reſt.

Yet theſe and all are guided by his power,
And may not paſſe the paſſage he hath giuen them,
The Sunne his courſe, the Moone muſt know her houre,
And clouds muſt wander but where winds haue driuen thé,
Beaſts know their times, and Fiſhes know their tides,
And man alone in onely mercy bides.

To tell of wonders by his wiſedome wrought,
Euen from the greateſt to the very leaſt,
Which time declares by true experience taught,
In Fiſh, in Fowle, in Bird, in Man and Beaſt:
Marke but the power that doth in each abide,
And how it weakens in their higheſt pride.

The Lyon firſt is fearefull of a Cock,
The Elephant doth dread the little Mouſe,
A crowing Cocke the Dragon may not ſee,
The ſtouteſt Eagle ſubiect to the Louſe:
The greateſt Oxe a little taint-worme killeth,
And many a man a little Canker ſpilleth.

Yet is the Lyon feared for his force,
The Elephant a huge and mighty beaſt,
The fiery Dragon kills without remorſe,
And Eagles carry Lambs vnto their neſt.
The Oxe the taint-worme vnder foot doth tread,
And man ſometimes doth kill the Cankers head.

But

But when that power begins to gather pride,
Then ſee the ſtrength of the Almighty hand,
By whoſe high helpe the weakeſt things are tride,
To ſpoile the ſtrength wherin the ſtrongeſt ſtand:
That they may know there is a power on hie,
In whom they liue, and at his pleaſure die.

To ſhew examples of the heauenly might,
Againſt the pride of the inferiour power,
The word of Truth doth giue a glorious light,
Where may be ſeene in minute of an houre,
How greateſt ſtayes that on their ſtrength were groũded
With headlong falls were vtterly confounded.

How *Pharaoh* firſt, the proud Egyptian King,
That would not ſuffer Iſrael to paſſe,
What plagues and griefes did the Almighty bring
Vpon the houſe, euen where his lodging was?
Frogs, Flyes, and Lyce did freely make their way,
Euen to the chamber where proud *Pharaoh* lay.

A number plagues the Lord did further threaten,
His land was ſtrooken with a darkſome feare,
His graſſe and corne by Graſhoppers was eaten,
The Plague deſtroyd his people euery where:
And laſt, himſelfe amidſt his army crowned,
Was in a moment in the red Sea drowned.

Yet through theſe ſeas his hand did make the way,
Where all his ſeruants went and wet no foot,
Which proues, his loue was his Electeds ſtay,
While Rebell hearts were torne vp by the root:
Which true example to the world may proue,
The glorious greatneſſe of his power and loue.

Goliah boaſted greatly of his ſtrength,
Yet little *Dauid* killd him with a ſtone,
The *Madian* Hoſt was ſtrong, but yet at length,
By *Gideons* hand, the Kings were ouerthrowne.
By change of tongues fell Babylons great Tower,
And Chriſt his Word did breake the Diuels power.

Yet in it ſelfe, what weaker is then water,
Which drownd proud *Pharao* and his mighty Hoſt?
A Louſe or Flie is of a little matter,
Yet with ſuch wormes are men tormented moſt.
What ſtrength, alas, is in a little ſtone?
Yet ſo we reade *Goliah* ouerthrowne.

Know then from whence this wonder-power groweth,
But from the force of the Almighty hand,
Which to the world his glorious power ſhoweth,
When with the weake, the ſtrongeſt cannot ſtand:
King *Dauid* wrote, and it is truly knowne,
That power belongeth vnto God alone.

To

A ſolemne Paſſion *of the* Soules *Loue.*

To proue the proweſſe of the heauenly power,
How many more examples might be ſhowne ?
There is no yeere, no day, no night, nor hower,
But ſome ſuch action to the World is knowne:
That Truth may well vnto his Glory ſpeake,
God is of power, and all the World is weake.

But ſince the World cannot the Books containe,
Wherein his Workes of wonder may be writ,
To Admiration let his power remaine,
And ſay, All powers are ſubiect vnto it:
And let me of his Loue and Mercy write,
Which is the ſubſtance of my Soules delight.

This powerfull Loue, the glory of all grace,
When he had wrought the World vnto his will,
And planted each thing in his proper place,
And in the courſe that they continue ſtill,
Of all the Works that he in wonder wrought,
Made onely Man the deareſt of his thought.

For what he made, he made but Man to ſerue,
And Man to ſerue his onely ſacred Loue;
And in his loue, doth ſo Mans life preſerue,
As may the comfort of his care approue:
And ſo approue, as may this ſentence giue,
His only loue doth make the ſoule to liue.

He

A ſolemne Paſſion *of the* Soules *Loue.*

He loued the earth when he did giue it life,
He loued the life when he his Image gaue it,
He loued the fleſh that made the bone a wife,
He loued the ſoule, when he from death did ſaue it:
He loued him euer, yet he loued him moſt,
To fetch him home when he himſelfe had loſt.

Come Poets, ye that fill the world with fancies,
Whoſe faining Muſes ſhew but madding fits,
Which all too ſoone doe fall into thoſe franzies,
That are begotten by miſtaking wits:
Lay downe your lines, compare your loue with mine,
And ſay whoſe vertue is the true diuine.

For further triall, let me giue you leaue
To adde a truth vnto your idle ſtories,
Wherewith ſo oft you doe the world deceiue,
And gaine your ſelues but ill-conceited glories:
Yet when you ſee where ſweeteſt ſights are ſhowne,
Looke on my Loue, and bluſh to ſee your owne.

With ſunny Beauties let your loues be bleſt,
The Sun doth fetch his light but from my Loue;
You haue your wonders from the Phœnix neſt,
Mine honour liues but in the Heauens aboue.
Your Muſes do your Ladies praiſes ſing,
The Angels ſing in glory of my King.

The

The earth, alas, from whence your loues receiue
Their flowres and ſweets, their pearles & precious ſtones,
To decke themſelues, with which they do deceiue
The blinded ſpirits of the ſimple ones:
This earth from whence their outward graces ſpring,
Is but the footſtoole of my heauenly King.

And if he ſo hath deckt the earth below,
Imagine then the glory of his ſeate,
Which may perſwade, where Angels tremble ſo,
For humane eyes the glory is too great:
For where the Sunne, the Moone and Starshaue light,
For Natures eyes the beauty is too bright.

And who doth liue that euer ye did loue,
But that ye could their faireſt faire vnfold?
And my faire Loue, let faireſt truth approue,
No eye can liue in glory to behold:
Your cleareſt beauty is with age declining,
My Loues bright glory is for euer ſhining.

If ye be wiſe, thinke where true wiſedome liueth,
And then allow the honour to my Loue:
If yours be kind, thinke who the comfort giueth,
And know the Turkey from the Turtle Doue:
If conſtant yours, that truth let my Loue try,
Who loſt his life, to ſaue his Loue thereby.

And

And let me ſee, how liueth all your loue,
But on deſert the ſtay of all your ſtate,
And in my Loue a further life approue,
Who lou'd indeed when he had cauſe to hate:
Your fancies oft for want of fauour ſtarue,
But my Loue doth both yours and mine preſerue.

Then truly ſay, whom chiefe your loues do chuſe,
To caſt the countenance of their fauours on,
Then whom againe they wholly do refuſe,
In liking thought as moſt to looke vpon:
Then do but looke vpon my Loue his choice,
And whoſe heart moſt he maketh to reioyce.

The wealthy, mighty, wiſe and well at eaſe,
Doe fit the fancies of your Ladies beſt:
But poore, and weake, and ſimple ſoules beſt pleaſe
My heauenly Loue, to labour in his breſt:
And who the World doth vtterly refuſe,
Thoſe doth my Loue vnto his fauour chuſe.

And ſee what power is in your louing natures,
To take or giue what ye may gaine or loſe,
And ye ſhall ſee they are but my Loues creatures,
Whoſe liues are at his pleaſure to diſpoſe:
And while your fauours all do fade away,
My ſweet Loues bleſſings neuer will decay.

Could

A ſolemne Paſſion *of the* Soules *Loue.*

Could ye conceiue the ſmalleſt of the ſweet,
That doth deſcend from my Soules deareſt Loue,
Vpon the Faith that falleth at his feet,
That doth in prayer but in mercy proue:
And you will blot out euery idle line,
And yeeld our ſoules vnto this Loue of mine.

Compare a weed vnto a wholeſome flower,
A cloudy Euening to a ſunny Day,
A foggie miſt vnto an Aprill ſhower,
Nouember blaſt vnto a bloome of May,
And you ſhall eaſily ſee the difference plaine,
Betwixt my Sun-ſhine, and your ſhowres of raine.

Compare meere folly to the fineſt wit,
The courſeſt copper to the pureſt gold;
The healthfull body with an Ague fit,
And ſet the youthfull age againſt the old,
The Ravens foule note to Philomela's voice,
And quickly ſay, which is the better choice.

Compare foule Pride to faire Humility,
A kind diſcretion to a dogged nature,
The clownith race to true Gentility,
A bleſſed Angel to a curſed creature,
Fauours to frownes, and ſmilings vnto ſcowles,
And ſay, The Phœnix makes all birds but Owles.

His

A ſolemne Paſſion *of the* Soules *Loue.*

Compare the earth vnto the heauen on hye,
The ſpirits treaſures vnto fleſhly toyes,
The pibble ſtone vnto the azurde Skie,
The woes of men vnto the Angels ioyes:
The loweſt weakneſſe vnto th'higheſt powers,
Then ſee the diffrence twixt my Loue and yours.

And when you ſee how all ſweet bleſſings grow
But from the ground of my Loues liuing grace,
And do againe the imperfection know,
Wherein you doe your fond affection place:
Then all your titles to this truth reſigne,
There is no life but in this Loue of mine.

And giue me leaue to praiſe my princely Loue,
Although my wits are ſhort of ſuch a worth,
And let my ſpirit in my paſſions proue,
What his high hand in mercy will bring foorth:
And write but truth that may be truly proued,
My onely Loue, all onely to be loued.

Before all times, all thoughts, all things he was,
And euer is, and will be aye the ſame,
That doth in wonder, wonders wonder paſſe,
In Truths high triumph of eternall fame:
Where life, and loue, in grace and glory crownd,
Do ſway the Scepter of the heau'ns renownd.

Now

Now what he was, cannot be comprehended,
Who in himſelfe doth all things comprehend,
And when that all things ſhall be wholy ended,
Himſelfe, his Word, his Will ſhall neuer end:
Whoſe gracious life, all glorious loue beginning,
Doth adde all grace, and endleſſe glory winning.

And of his Eſſence, this is all we finde,
A ſpirit fully incomprehenſible,
A louing God vnto his ſeruants kinde,
And in his humane nature ſenſible:
In wiſdomes wonder, knowledge, quinteſſence,
And in that Eſſence higheſt Excellence.

The high Creatour of all creatures liuing,
The ſweet Redeemer of his ſeruants loſt,
The glorious grace, all grace and glory giuing,
The Ioy of ioyes that glads the ſpirit moſt:
The loue of life, and life of loue indeed,
Gainſt death and hell, that ſtands the ſoule in ſtead.

His ſeat is Heauen, the Earth his foot-ſtoole is,
His chiefeſt dwelling with his ſoules elected,
His ioy to loue, and to be lou'd of his,
His ſauour, life, vnto his loues affected:
His Word is Truth, which doth the Spirit try,
Where fruitfull faith ſhall liue, and neuer dye.

His

His bleſſing is the peace of Conſcience,
His comfort, mercies contemplation,
His precious gift, the Spirits patience,
His mercy, Vertues meditation:
His Grace, the oyle that kils the Spirits euill,
His Death, the Life that did ſubdue the Deuill.

His Garments are the ſundry ſorts of graces,
His Tribute is but Sinners ſacrifice,
His Worke, the planting Vertues in their places,
His Gaine, the loue of humble ſpirits ſeruice:
His Muſicke, Pſalmes, that Angels neuer ceaſe,
To ſing in glory of the King of Peace.

This King of Peace, this God of Life and Loue,
Who in himſelfe doth all and onely hold
The higheſt bleſſings of the hearts behoue,
That faithfull truth hath to the Spirit told:
This is the ſubſtance of my ſoules delite,
Vnworthy ſubiect of his Worth to write.

Yet as his mercy will vouchſafe his grace,
With Interceſſion of his high aſſiſtance,
Againſt the power that would my thoughts deface,
And proudly make againſt the ſoule reſiſtance:
I will a little giue his loue a tuch,
Whoſe ſmalleſt praiſe is for my pen too much.

What

What loue was that which made him like Man beſt,
Of all the Workes that euer he created?
What loue againe did in that liking reſt,
To loue him ſo he neuer can be hated?
What loue was more to giue the Man a Wife?
What loue was more to die to giue him life?

The Earth within with ſiluer, gemmes and gold,
Without with trees and hearbs, and fruits and flowers,
The water deepe, where Fiſhes keepe their hold,
The Elements with all their inward powers:
Theſe hath my Loue all made for man to chuſe,
And to his pleaſure in his ſeruice vſe.

The fire was made to kill the chilling cold,
The water made to ſlake the burning heat,
The ſubtill ayre a ſecret breath to hold,
The earth too drie when moiſture is too great:
Theſe croſſe in natures, yet doe meet in one,
Only to ſerue the vſe of Man alone.

Each Bird, each Beaſt, each Fowle, and euery Fiſh,
The fleſh of man muſt ſerue to cloath and feede:
What eye can ſee, or heart of Man can with,
But ſome way ſerues to ſtand poore Man in ſteede?
And for that cauſe their being firſt began,
From mercies Loue, to ſerue the life of Man.

A ſolemne Paſſion *of the* Soules *Loue.*

The light was made to glad the lightſome eye,
The ſound to pleaſe the pure attentiue eare,
The ayre to draw a liuing breath thereby,
The earth the body and the limmes to beare:
The Clouds, the Starres, the Sun, the Moone, the Skie,
Were made for man, to make him looke on hie.

All theſe were made out of the mould of Loue:
Was neuer loue came euer neere to this,
Which doth a wonder in affection proue,
Euen when we leaſt deſeru'd the loue of His:
For when our ſoules did moſt offences doe him,
He came himſelfe in loue to call vs to him,

To make, redeeme, preſerue, defend, and cheriſh
His faithfull ſoules, and ſo in loue to nouriſh,
As in his loue their liues ſhall neuer periſh,
But like the Lilly liue and euer flouriſh:
Are theſe not points ſufficient to approue,
The true affection of a peereleſſe loue?

Yet more to ſay, that truly may be ſaid
In humble honour of this heauenly Loue,
In mercies ſweet to make the ſoule diſmaid,
To ſee the bleſſing of this God aboue:
The louing Spirit liuely to refreſh,
He let his ſeruants ſee him in the fleſh.

To

To ſee him ſo, as might not hurt their ſight,
For none might ſee his high ſupernall power,
But in his loue to ſee that glorious light,
That gaines that ſweet that cuts off euery ſowre:
The ſecond Perſon of himſelfe, his Sonne,
In whom are all things to his glory done.

And ſee the cauſe why ſo he came vnto vs,
His onely loue, the onely cauſe we liue:
And when he came, what comfort did he doe vs,
To ſaue our liues, his Loue his life did giue:
And ſo to ſaue vs from the fire of hell,
That with his Loue we might for euer dwell.

What loue was this, to leaue his heauenly ſeat
Among his Angels, all in glory ſerued,
To come to Man, who did too ill intreat
The ſacred loue, that hath his life preſerued:
From being honour'd, prais'd, and glorifide,
To be diſgraced, whipt, and crucifide?

In loue he left his higheſt heauenly pleaſures,
Aboue his Angels, in their heapes of ioyes,
To liue on earth in ſorrowes out of meaſures,
With change of nothing but the Worlds annoyes:
In toyle and trauell, long in loue he ſought vs,
And with his Death, at laſt full dearely bought vs.

A ſolemne Paſſion *of the* Soules *Loue.*

Oh wofull trauell that he vndertooke,
To bring our liues vnto his ſacred Loue,
Which paine, nor croſſe, nor death it ſelfe forſooke,
That to our faith might his affection proue:
Which left the Spirit of his Loue behinde him,
To ſhew the loue that ſeekes him, how to finde him.

In loue he came, that he might comfort doe vs,
In loue went from vs to prouide our places,
In loue he ſent his Comforter vnto vs,
In loue he guides vs with his holy graces:
In loue he made, bought, keepes, and guides vs thus,
And ſhall not we loue him, that ſo lou'd vs?

Yes, my deare Lord, be thou my deareſt Loue,
For Chriſt his ſake, let my ſoule neuer leaue thee,
Who in thy loue, thy liuing truth doth proue,
That makes me find the world doth all deceiue me:
And were there truth on earth as there is none,
Yet were thy loue the ioy of life alone.

And let theſe teares be witneſſe of my loue,
Which firſt doe begge remiſſion of my ſinne,
And in repentance doe but mercie moue,
To ope the gates of grace and let me in:
Where humble Faith but at thy feet may fall,
With my ſoules ſeruice, loue, and life, and all.

Forget,

A ſolemne Paſſion *of the* Soules *Loue.*

Forget, O Lord, my workes of wickednesse,
Whereby my ſoule with ſorrow is oppreſſed,
And with the finger of thy holineſſe,
In mercy touch my ſpirit ſo diſtreſſed:
And ſaue my life, that draweth nigh to hell,
Loue me a little, and I ſhall be well.

Loue? no, ſweet Lord: mercy I craue, no more,
My ſinnes are ſuch, I dare not ſpeake of loue,
But in thy mercy, to thy loue reſtore
My humble faith, that may but mercy proue:
And ſo approue, that all the world may ſee
The ioyfull loue betwixt my God and me.

Oh call me home, and make me heare thy call,
And heare thee ſo, that I may runne vnto thee,
And hold me faſt, that I may neuer fall,
But that my ſoule may euer ſeruice doe thee:
Shew ſome good token, that the world may know,
My ſoule is bleſt, whom thou haſt loued ſo.

And while I liue here in this wretched vale
Of fearefull danger of infernall death,
Where earthly pleaſures take thoſe ſoules to ſale,
Which haue their bargaine in the hell beneath:
Let my ſoules loue, and life, and labour be,
To ſeeke my ioy, my loue, and life in thee.

Make me not rich, leſt I forget to thinke,
From whence I haue the comfort of my heart:
Nor in ſuch want, let thy poore ſeruant ſinke,
That I be driuen to craue the needy part:
Giue me but meanes the needy to relieue,
To feed thy flocke, and not the Wolfe to grieue.

Let me not liſten to the ſinners ſongs,
But to the Pſalmes thy holy Saints do ſing,
Nor let me follow Tyrants in their wrongs,
But kiſſe the rocke where righteouſneſſe doth ſpring:
Let not mine eye affect the outward part,
But let me loue the vertue of the heart.

And let my loue be, to behold thy loue,
And let my loue be, but to liue in thee,
And ſo to liue, that all the World may proue
The gracious good my God hath done for me:
To call my ſoule out of this World of wo,
In faithfull loue to ſerue my Sauiour ſo.

And when they ſee the blot of all their blame,
To loue the World, but all in wretched toyes,
And do confeſſe with inward bluſhing ſhame,
They are but ſorrowes vnto heauenly ioyes:
They may with me, forſake all worldly pleaſure,
And make thy loue an euerlaſting treaſure.

For

A ſolemne Paſſion *of the* Soules *Loue.*

For Lord, by thee we are, in thee we liue,
And in thy loue the liuing cannot die,
And ſince thy death did our liues wholly giue,
For thy Loues ſake ſhall we affliction flie?
No, my deare Lord, let life be death to me,
So I may die to liue in loue with thee.

A ioyfull life were ſuch a death indeed,
From earthly pain to paſſe to heauenly pleaſure,
A ioyfull line for louing hearts to reade,
To leaue the fleſh, to take the Spirits treaſure:
Whoſe glorious ſence vnto the Sun doth fall,
That all is nothing to that All in all.

And I (alas) of many thouſand ſoules,
Vnworthy moſt of his high Worth to write,
Who in his Mercies true record inroules
The louing ſubſtance of the ſoules delight:
Muſt mercy cry, for feare my loues preſuming
Of too high ſence, may be my ſoules conſuming.

And with the teares of true repentant loue,
Looking vpon the wonders of that Wonder,
That in his leaſt perfection may approue
The greateſt wiſedome of the world put vnder:
Confeſſe my wit as ſhort to pen his praiſe,
As darkeſt nights in light of cleareſt dayes.

And

And ſay but this in grace and glories height
Where Vertues loue doth liue for euer crowned,
And all the Hoſt of Heauen and Heauens await,
Vpon the higheſt of the Heauens renowned:
Whom Saints and Angels trembling do adore,
To him alone be praiſe for euermore:

All honour, praiſe, and glory euer be,
Vnto my louing euerlaſting King:
This King of life, who ſo hath loued me,
To giue my ſoule this gracious power to ſing
In heart and minde, in man and Angels loue,
All glorious glory be to God aboue.

FINIS.